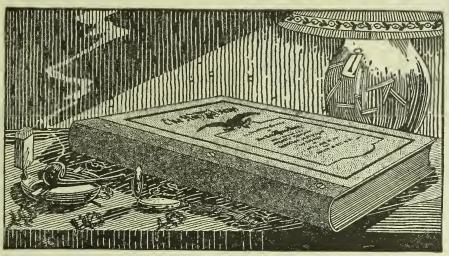


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MERICAN EGION Weekly



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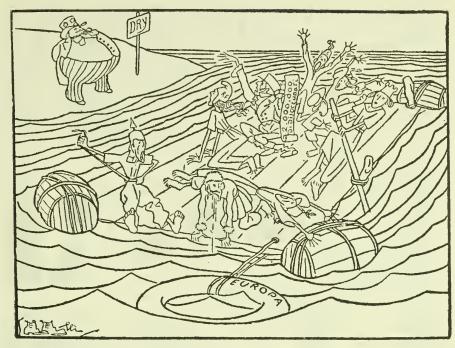
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What Europe Thinks of Us

By NATHANIEL PEFFER



"Help, Uncle Sam!" the shipwrecked nations of Europe are crying in this cartoon from Il Travaso of Rome. "Sorry," replies Uncle Sam, "but I have to stay dry." Note the unflattering conception of Uncle Sam in this and the following cartoons

MET in London an American woman who had been much in England since the war. She was interested in social work and had spent much time among social welfare institutions. These have had their hands full since the war, with more than a million men out of work and the well-to-do too heavily taxed to have much to spare for charity.

She was talking to an Englishwoman at the head of an infant welfare sta-tion in a large industrial city. The Englishwoman was discussing her work with the despairing fatalism so often heard now in Europe. She could do little. There was no money to do anything with. The government gave little. There was even less from private contributions. It was no longer processible to provide wills for infort possible to provide milk for infant children of the poor.

"We can't, you see," she said. "Eng-

land has to use its money to pay you Americans what we owe you."

As a matter of fact, the British gov-

ernment was only then beginning to tended to its business and seen the pay interest regularly on the debt. peace through. But they came out at Besides, much might have been said by the same conclusion. Uncle Sam way of reply about the millions of pounds the British were then spending to maintain an army of occupation in Turkey for political reasons and the millions more for another expeditionary force in Mesopotamia for oil reasons. But the American woman said nothing. She knew it was useless. It was not the first time she had come up against the binding article of faith in post-war Europe. Whatever's wrong is America's fault. Even when there isn't milk for poor babies.

It is the first article in Europe's reed. Within forty-eight hours I have been told in London by an Englishman and then in Cologne by a German that the present disastrous plight of Europe is America's doing. They started their chain of argument at opposite ends—America should have minded its own business and kept out of the war, America should have at-

peace through. But they came out at the same conclusion. Uncle Sam— there is the culprit. And I went subsequently across Europe from Paris to Constantinople and everywhere I was confronted by the same indictment.

Not in formal statements, of course. You do not find it in the bonds-offriendship banquets or the public prints or the speeches of official dignitaries. The official note is in an entirely different key. As government to government we are still being ardently wooed. Our diplomatic influence and our money would make a handsome dowry for a successful European suitor. But for a successful European suitor. But if you are on terms of comparative intimacy with enough Europeans for frank talk on both sides you will be left without any illusions. Or you can get your evidence in acts as well as words. Contrast these two incidents. At the Olympic games in Paris the French stands booed the American football team and heat up American football team and beat up American spectators. A few weeks later a German football team went to Paris, defeated the French team and was heartily applauded as it trotted off the field. Six years after the war!

What is the matter with these Europeans? What is it they want?

look upon ourselves as saviors of the Allied countries in the war and benefactors of the enemy countries since the war, for have we not poured forth our gold in one relief fund after another? Now we ask nothing but to go our own way as a nation in accordance

our own way as a nation in accordance with our traditions, though continuing to give of our abundance as individuals. What, then, is their complaint? There is a French saying, "To understand all is to forgive all." Now it is of no particular importance whether or not we forgive, but there are a great many practical reasons are a great many practical reasons why we should understand. Only so can we come to know what our position in the world is and why, and only so can we determine our relations to

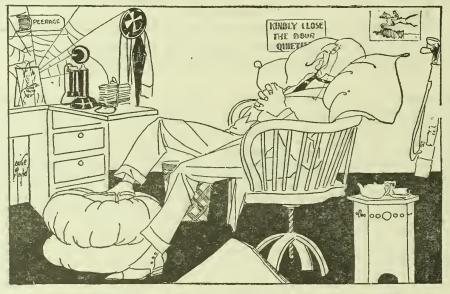




"Every new loan is one more coil in the rope that binds you," this cartoonist in L'Humanite of Paris tells the French proletariat



The British idea of an American business office-



-- and the American idea of a British business office. A good-natured bit of international satire from the Bystander of London

the rest of the world intelligently. For not, when he has learned that he has one thing, by understanding we can be kept from being fanatically isolationist on the one hand or fanatically sentimental about Europe on the other. There are those among us who would make it an offense punishable by law to have our children taught in the schools that there is a continent called Europe. There are those also who would send the Washington Monument and the United States Treasury across on the first heat. Between the tree is on the first boat. Betwene the two it is difficult to reach a sane realistic American policy based on facts seen without prejudice.

An American who spends much time in Europe now and goes beneath surface appearances for tourists and behind the pleasantries of formal official intercourse finds himself first bewildered and then resentful at the unreasonable attitude manifested toward his country. Then, if he has gone far enough beneath the surface, he comes to understanding.

come against something deeper than logic. It is nearly always a fallacy to apply the test of reason in human af-As nations or as individuals men are swayed much more by their feelings than by their reasoning facul-It is doubly fallacious in Europe You have a continent harrowed by war, its ruins still piled up about it visibly and invisibly, nerves still shattered and memory only dulled. In this respect there is no difference

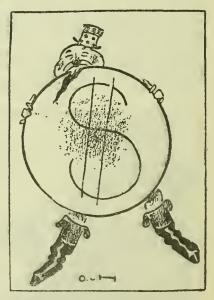
between victor and vanquished. They all suffered equally deeply, though in different ways. At bottom all are still shell-shocked. How, then, expect the exercise of calm, balanced judgment? The essential point is not whether Europe is logically justified in its attitude but whether it could humanly be otherwise. From this point of view it is not strange that Europe is "nervy" in its approach to all questions concerning America. is more strange that the swarms of He understands when he has learned American tourists are treated as cournot to be concerned with whether the teously as they are—with all allow-European attitude is reasonable or ance made for the profits of the tour-

ist traffic. And this is the point I wish to make in this article.

On rational grounds alone it is easy enough to refute the charge generally leveled against America. The basis of the charge is what is called America's desertion. By this is meant our failure to ratify the peace treaty, join the League of Nations and take part in the subsequent international conferences—to help Europe get back on its feet, as it is generally expressed. The war was yours as much as ours, they say in effect. You shared in it. You brought it to its conclusion. For its On rational grounds alone it is easy in effect. You shared in it. You brought it to its conclusion. For its consequences you are responsible as much as we. You helped draft the treaties of peace. Now you turn your backs, take yourselves to your fatted pastures again and leave us to our ruins, offering us charity and unso-licited advice but shirking your responsibility.

On the surface there is some validity to the charge. Or there would be if it were derived from a true reading of the present situation in Europe. But it isn't. When a European tells you we must help Europe to recover he doesn't mean Europe. He means his own part of Europe. He means England and English policy if he is an Englishman, France and French policy if he is a Frenchman, Germany and Comman policy if he is a German And German policy if he is a German. And the policy of each is to get the upper hand of the others. He wants us in alliance with his country rather than in co-operation with a unified Europe. You cannot help Europe because there is no such thing as Europe. There are only a number of parts rigidly segre-gated from each other and mutually antagonistic.

To talk of helping Europe under present conditions is to talk in terms not based on anything real. In fact, for us to do what is usually called helping Europe, which is to say, put our strength behind any one of those parts, would bring on us still more perfervid denunciations than our present rôle of doing nothing. It would



"With the dollar at its present value, I don't see why I should be concerned with the League of Nations," this grotesque Uncle Sam informs the Norwegian public through the Hvepsen of Christiania

FEBRUARY 13, 1925 PAGE 7

be construed as hostile by all the other parts—anti-French if we supported the British view of post-war questions, anti-British if we supported the French view. So far from helping Europe to its feet, it would more likely put off the compromise that has to come all around in Europe and thus confound the present confusion to yet worse chaos.

All this, however, is dealing with the matter too simply. To deal with it as something exclusively rational is superficial. Europe's resentfulness does not spring from anything so tangible and so easy to put one's fin-ger on, but from something more unreasoning if also unreasonable—from an emotional state, a complex of feelings produced by four years of war and six years of post-war hardships.

Where Americans generally err is in assuming that the war is a thing of the past. For us it is. It is over. of the past. For us it is. It is over. It ended November 11, 1918, or a little after. Naturally, we can forget it. Taking us in the mass, the war touched us very little under the surface, after all. Except for the permanently disabled and those who lost sons or husbands—in proportion to the whole they bulk very small—our lives as individuals bear scarcely a mark as an effect of the war. Our life as a national whole is entirely unmarked except in externals. Taxation may be onerous but it does not go very deep in a rich country.

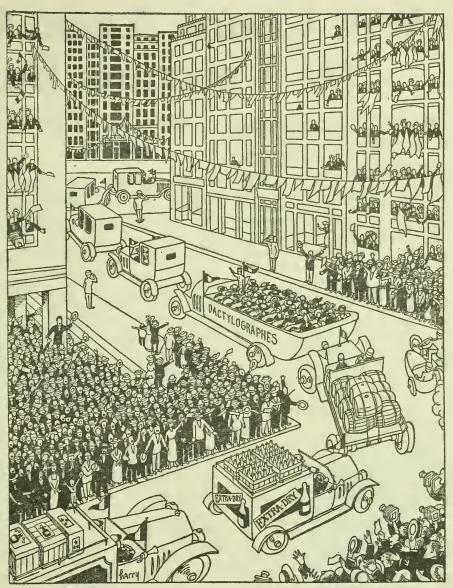
untry.
In Europe the war is not over. It will not be in this generation. more territories are devastated by cannon fire and there are no daily casualty lists, but the effects of those four years run on. With us the war was felt by the non-combatants at home chiefly as an unfamiliar excitement, but in Europe the suffering on the home fronts was only by degree less than that in the trenches. In a deeper than that in the trenches. In a deeper sense every individual in the countries

at war was a casualty.

Four years of invasion, air raids, suspense and physical deprivation on one side and the slow torture of hun-ger on the other have left on the populations of all the war countries a physical and mental scar and generally a spiritual scar as well. And the dif-



While France and England quarrel about other matters, Uncle Sam casts covetous eyes at Turkey and the Mesopotamian oil fields, according to Mucha of Warsaw



The Parisian Le Rire's idea of what Washington would like to see in the event of another disarmament conference. European cartoonists produce rather more jibes at dry America than our own do. "Dactylographes" is French for stenographers

ference between the Englishman and Frenchman on the one hand and the German and Austrian on the other is one of kind rather than degree. iron entered equally into the souls of all of them.

You cannot expect such people to snap back into normality as soon as the fighting is over. And they haven't. American tourists may find the same old hotels, the same placid cafés filled with the same leisurely crowds and all the activities they knew in the Europe of 1910, but underneath surface appearances everything is abnormal. It is hardly exaggerating to describe con-

ditions as pathological.

It is no exaggeration at all to say that of the majority of the people. Nerves shattered by the long strain and often by the bitterness of personal loss; physiques weakened by undernourishment and disordered by adulterated war-time foods, to say nothing of actual diseases like tuberculosisthese have produced an underlying organic unsoundness in an appalling proportion of the population, probably in the majority. You have only to watch crowds in any large city under any

sudden strain, at a crowded railway station or in a traffic delay, and mark the quick outbursts of irritability, and then you see the difference between the atmosphere now and what it was be-fore the war. You need only walk about the streets of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna and count the number of small children with rickets to see the physical havoc of those years even in those who never saw a trench.

I am refraining from saying anything about the material losses of the last few years—the suffering caused by unemployment and the ruin brought to thousands by falling currencies. is a familiar story now, that of a well-to-do family living on the interest of its capital for generations and then seeing the capital fade away with the drop in exchange until it represented the price of a pair of shoes. Everywhere on the continent you see men of professions - doctors, lawyers, teachers and scientists—who haven't had a suit of clothes since the Armi-stice because they have had to live on the equivalent of ten or fifteen dollars or perhaps thirty a month. It is no (Continued on page 20)

Will Chaos Again Overtake the Veterans Bureau?

SERIOUS and unexpected situation confronts the disabled veterans of the World War, widows and orphans of such veterans, and all who are beneficiaries of the United States Veterans Bureau. This condition has come up suddenly. The American Legion, through the intervention of its National Committee on Rehabilitation, its National Legislative Committee and the personal efforts of National Commander Drain, has been quick to move to protect the interests of those who have been placed in jeop-

This state of affairs is the result of a determination of administration officials in Washington to press immediately for the passage of the Mapes Bill, which would create a new cabinet officer and place the Veterans Bureau under him in a subordinate capacity. The Veterans Bureau now enjoys the prestige and freedom of an independent institution, under no cabinet offibut under its own independent chief, who is responsible personally to the President and no one else. That status is the result of a fight by the Legion running back to 1919.

The Mapes Bill, which is sponsored in the House by Representative Carl E. Mapes of Michigan, represents the legislative embodiment of a large project which has been simmering in Washington for two or three years. This has to do with the reorganization on an extensive scale of various government departments—an excellent thing in many respects. After a great deal of research and study which began with a special committee, of which Mr. Mapes is a member, and which was originally appointed by President Harding, the whole proposition has boiled down to a proposal to establish this new cabinet portfolio to be known as the Department of Education and Relief. That is what the Mapes Bill proposes to do. It proposes to relieve the other cabinet departments, some of which are overloaded, by picking out a number of their activities and bunching them in this new department. It also would take several independent government organizations, such as the Veterans Bureau, and place them under the authority of this new Secretary. That is the thing that interests the Legion, which will oppose steadfastly any attempt to subordinate the Veterans Bureau to anyone except its own responsible director and the Presi-

Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Committee on Rehabilitation, declares that the passage of this act would be a step backward toward the chaotic conditions of 1919, 1920 and 1921, which, due to heroic Legion effort, resulted in the consolidation of scattered subordinate veteran relief activities into the unified and independent Veterans Bureau. Miller is a master of this stupendous subject of veteran rehabilitation. No one knows

By MARQUIS JAMES

its thousand ins and outs more thor-

oughly than he.
"This bill," said Mr. Miller, "would bring us back to the very conditions from which we thought ourselves so lucky to escape in 1921, when, after such great labor, the independent Veterans Bureau was established. brings us back to divided responsibility, divided authority, divided interests and scattered facilities, which were the very causes of the chaotic conditions of a few years ago which cost untold suffering to the nation's wounded and disabled, which brought hundreds of these heroes to their graves while they waited in vain for the aid which never came, which cost hundreds of millions of the taxpayers' money and established an epoch in our national history which should still be fresh in the memory of every reflective citizen.

PRIOR to August of 1921, when the I Veterans Bureau was established, this was the situation: The disabled veteran was buffeted about by three government agencies, each one of which was independent of the other two, and each inadequate mainly because of the great load suddenly thrust upon it. Vocational training was entrusted to the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Allotments, allowances, disability compensation and insurance were under the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, which was also empowered to grant hospitalization to men who needed it but had to pass such men over to a third institution, the Public Health Service, which controlled the hospitals. Out of this situation grew a national impasse, and the remedy was the consolidation of all these functions in one organization, the Veterans Bureau.

"The Veterans Bureau was established under the most trying conditions imaginable. Handicapped by bad management to begin with, it floundered and made all manner of mistakes. But it gradually got its bearings and a grasp of its problems. It is only three and a half years old, and it is one of the largest and hardest to handle of all government activities. It is now rendering good service and is improving

every day.

"Now comes along this threatened change, by which the Veterans Bureau would be thrust in this new cabinet department under a subordinate known as the assistant secretary for veteran relief, stripped of many of his essential powers. The bill transfers from this assistant secretary for veteran relief the vocational education and training of disabled veterans and places it under another subordinate to the new cabinet member, who will be known as

the assistant secretary for education. It takes from the assistant secretary for veteran relief all medical activities, including surgical, dental and hospital facilities, and places them under still another subordinate to the new cabinet member to be known as the assistant secretary for public health. Thus we have a perilous parallel to the situation which prior to 1921 brought disgrace upon the country and suffering and death to disabled veterans.

"The conditions of mismanagement and neglect in vocational training are of recent memory. The American Legion Weekly first exposed them to the country in 1919. These conditions spoke for themselves and cried out for reform. The Legion took over the job and created the governmental machin-ery which made reform possible. The shocking lack of adequate hospital facilities was the worst blot of all. Crippled ex-soldiers, dying from wounds, penniless and in want, were found in charity wards, almshouses and even jails, abandoned by the Government they had served. Those were dark days indeed, back in 1919 and 1920. With grim determination the Legion took this situation in hand and began its campaign for hospitals, and for more hospitals, and for a competent government agency which would comb the country and find these neglected men, wherever they might be, and when found see that they got compensation for them-selves and families, medical treatment, and, if need be, vocational training to re-establish them as self-supporting

"The Legion fought long and hard and won this fight. It helped to re-form vocational training, it built hospitals and is still building them. It established the Veterans Bureau. The Legion does not propose to see all this accomplishment, which means so much to these unfortunate men, imperiled by an unfortunate piece of legislation which would strew the path of the disabled veteran, on his arduous road to recovery, with the pitfalls which have caused him so much misery in the past and have resulted in the death of so many of his comrades. The Legion will, therefore, oppose the Mapes Bill or, rather, the inclusion in that bill of the transfer of the Veterans Bureau as

proposed."

S THIS is written it is a matter of A strike is written to be conjecture just what will happen to the Mapes Bill. At present it is the determination of the Administration to obtain its passage by the House by the middle of February. Then it would go to the Senate, but as Congress adjourns on March 4th there is little chance that the Senate will have time to act on the bill. Thus there is no actual danger of its becoming a law at this session of Congress, but it is important to the Legion that it be stopped in the House and stopped in its tracks.

Odd Fish in O. D.

By STEUART M. EMERY

AYBE I'm getting old, although as yet a careful scrutiny in the shaving mirror fails to disclose any gray Maybe I'm getting into a rut, following a path that leads from bed to the office in the morning and from the office to bed at night. Maybe it's because the days that are past, viewed for. It was full of odd fish in O. D. down a glamorous vista of years, al-ways look better than the times one now lives in. Anyhow, strange and surprising things somehow distinctly fail to happen to enliven the present calendar.

"It's a dull age we live in," as I told my friend and former squadmate Sandy when he came around to borrow

Sandy when he came around to borrow a pack of cigarettes the other night. "People aren't as interesting as they once were."

"Why should they be?" inquired Sandy. "We've all settled down. You needn't throw any bricks my way. You aren't so thrilling yourself."

"It's the surroundings." I rebuked him promptly. "You can't expect anybody to be thrilling sitting down in a pair of slippers with the evening newspaper."

"Well, I guess that's the answer,"

"Well, I guess that's the answer," said Sandy, borrowing also a box of matches. "We were all exciting once when they had us in O. D. You can't take three or four million chaps and sort of toss 'em all together and call 'em an Army and not have all the bright happenings and sensations you want. They sure raked a lot of odd fish into the net when they made it a "I wonder what some of them are doing now?" I said.

"Just what we are," Sandy came back. "Camping around the house in the evening deciding that pretty soon they'll be sleepy enough to go to bed. The queer kinks and the nice, dizzy irresponsibility that made watching 'em perform a joy forever are pretty well ironed out of

'e m by now.
They're solid, substantial citizens like us. Me for bed. I'm due at the shop at eight-

thirty."
So Sandy left with the cigarettes and the matches. The quiet of a peaceful world in which nothing ever happens settled down once more on the premises. But through it there ran flickers and flashes from days when we hadn't all settled down, days in fact, when most of us were miles up in the air and going higher. I guess Sandy was right.

Illustrated by Douglas Grant

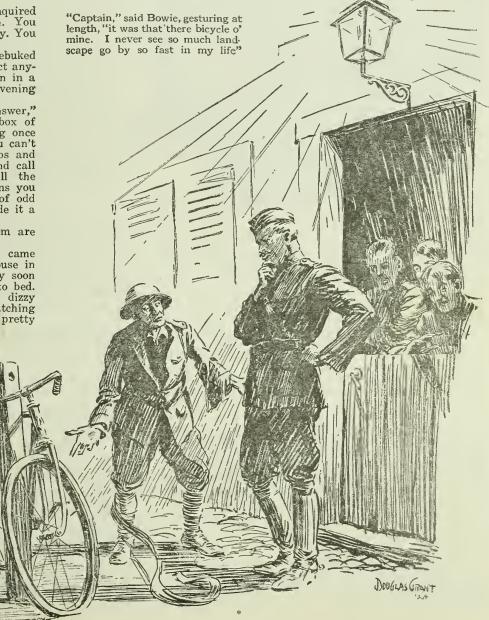
for. It was full of odd fish in O. D. It was certainly the brighter for

There was, as I recall, in every outfit one soldier who possessed the qualities of modesty and retiringness to such a degree as to render him practically invisible. Such, in our company, was Ernest. He was so unobtrusive that the top kick never thought of him when making up a mean detail; his slight, totally undistinguished

figure was seldom seen except in the mess line; he could come into a tent and sit down and in five seconds you would forget that he was there. Ernest, as it might be gathered, through this very talent of being able to merge himself protectively into the background went through the war on rubber tires.

One of his first acts in the winter of our home training was to build a large coal bin into the rear wall of his tent. Into this coal bin he retired every morning right after mess with a few books and a candle, safe from the prying eyes of non-coms looking

(Continued on page 22)



EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation, to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Three Timely Gifts

AT A moment when The American Legion is in the midst of its national effort to raise a \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund to provide an annual income of at least \$225,000 for its child welfare and rehabilitation activities, the Knights of Columbus have given the Legion \$75,000 to enable it to carry on its rehabilitation activities during 1925 without curtailment. This gift solves a problem which had puzzled both the Saint Paul National Convention of the Legion and the Legion's National Finance Committee.

The Saint Paul convention authorized the raising of the Endowment Fund. But such a fund could not provide needed revenue until 1926 at the earliest, and meanwhile the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee and National Child Welfare Committee were engaged in activities covering the whole country which could not be curtailed or interrupted without disastrous effects. And the sufferers from curtailment or interruption would have been help- that the Legion ought not bear alone the cost of its supless service men and orphaned children.

The Knights of Columbus gift is a financial bridge for the Legion. It insures that the Legion's national rehabilitation work will be continued in 1925 on the same scale that it has been conducted in the past. It enables the Legion to maintain the same service that it has always maintained not only for the men in hospitals, but for the tens of thousands of disabled men outside hospitals who have dealings with the Government.

Moreover, the money the Knights of Columbus gift provides is money that had to be provided from some source—it was inconceivable that the Legion would or could restrict its work for the disabled man. The Legion had financed this work in large part prior to 1925 on funds When obtained from another source outside the Legion. for good and understandable reasons the funds from this other source were no longer available, the Saint Paul convention had considered the advisability of raising the Legion's national dues. But the convention determined this would have been unwise, principally for the reason that the one dollar annual assessment each Legionnaire pays for national dues is but a comparatively small portion of the amount he pays for his department and post dues.

The raising of the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund, therefore, is in the nature of an alternative to an increase in the Legion's national dues, and the arguments are all in favor of the endowment fund as opposed to the increase in dues

Two other sizable gifts to the Legion to enable it to carry on its 1925 activities uncurtailed call attention to the financial burden which the Legion nationally has been carrying. The American Legion Auxiliary and La Societe the combined Legion-Auxiliary-40-and-8 child welfare program might be carried on this year. Next year, of course, the income from the Endowment Fund will provide the money needed for this activity also, but until the Auxiliary and the 40 and 8 announced their noble contributions recently the question of finding funds to help the children in 1925 had not been answered.

It should be remembered always that the sums spent by the national organizations of the Legion and the Auxiliary in rehabilitation and child welfare work are small compared with the sums being spent by the departments and the individual posts. Every department has to handle im- is your post doing about it?

perative problems within its own borders, and practically every Legion post incurs heavy expenses in assisting the disabled men and the families of unfortunate service men within its own community. The chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Auxiliary recently prepared figures showing that a group of twenty Auxiliary departments had spent, in 1924, \$108,676.49 for rehabilitation and welfare work, and the total for all States was estimated at fully double this amount.

Typical of the work for the disabled being carried on every day by individual Legion posts is the report of what Oak Lane Post of Philadelphia did when it received reports of unfavorable conditions in a hospital for the mentally deficient in which twenty-five service men were patients. A post committee recently made an individual study of the case of each service man in the hospital. With the assistance of two stenographers, a physician, a notary public and a contact representative of the Veterans Bureau, claims for governmental assistance were filed for all the men entitled to aid. Three of the patients were transferred immediately to a Veterans Bureau hospital where surroundings would promote their recovery. The post has begun action to have all the service men in the private hospital removed to a government hospital. Hundreds of other posts, working in conjunction with the Legion's national and district rehabilitation committees, are doing daily equally noteworthy deeds to help disabled men.

The Knights of Columbus gift is founded on the belief plemental work for the disabled man which is the biggest factor in making the Government's program effective. Legion's Endowment Fund is also founded on that belief.

With the Legion's national financial needs for 1925 now provided for, with every indication that the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund will enable the Legion to perform its full duty to the disabled men and orphans in future years without appealing annually for outside help, the departments and posts of the Legion have new opportunities to extend help to those in their own communities entitled to it by all the bonds of comradeship and humanity.

Safety First

THE Adjusted Compensation Certificate looks like a Liberty Bond, and the average service man's certificate is as valuable as a \$1,000 Liberty Bond.

Many of Uncle Sam's Liberty Bonds do not mature until 1945 and their holders are taking good care to see that they shall not be lost or stolen before the day, twenty years from now, when they may receive cash in exchange for

In 1945 also the service men holders of Adjusted Compensation Certificates will receive cash for them-\$500, \$1,000 or \$1,500, according to their period of World War

But many service men apparently regard their certificates as lightly as they would stock certificates of a defunct get-rich-quick oil company. They have tucked them away among their old letters in forgotten corners of their homes, subject constantly to disappearance in periodical house cleanings or loss by fire.

The man fortunate enough to have enough other valdes 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux each have given \$25,000 so that uable papers plays safe by putting his Adjusted Compensation Certificate along with them in his safe-deposit box in a bank.

> Now American Legion posts in all sections of the country are helping Legionnaires by arranging with banks for the safekeeping of the certificates of all their members. The State National Bank of Texarkana, Arkansas, is one of a large number of banks which have made post efforts simple by receiving, filing and caring for the certificates without charge.

> The Legion's National Executive Committee has indorsed this plan of collective deposit of certificates. What

FEBRUARY 13; 1925 PAGE 11

"We Shall Go Through and Reach Our

BACK at work again and entirely recovered after a little over two weeks in bed, my first thought is to tell you all as best I can how much comfort and inspiration and strength has come to me from your consideration, kindness and sympathy.

Objective"

Of course February makes us think of Washington and Lincoln. Each of them would like the way the National Executive Committee, the Department Commanders, and all the men and women of the American Legion are taking hold of our endowment project.

Each of these great Americans always held a national view of national questions. That is the way the Legion is looking upon our campaign to raise five million dollars as a guarantee that its service to disabled men and the helpless children of veterans shall never fail.

Assuredly State and local interests will obtrude themselves, but the Legion is not going to permit any local question to interfere with the success of this worthy national endeavor.

And it is going to be successful. I feel sure of that. Nor do I discount the difficulties to be overcome. They will be many. But we shall "go through" and reach our objective just as we did in 1917 and 1918 over there and over here.

The American Legion will be judged, and it is right that it should be judged, by its failure or



success in raising this five million dollars for this vitally necessary purpose.

I am not afraid of that judgment. I know as surely as a man can know anything in advance of the event that we are "going through".

Along with the success of the endowment unavoidably will come a greater respect for the Legion by all of our people; a justifiable confidence in ourselves; an increased membership in every department; a more healthy interest in everything we undertake, and last and best, the ability to go to sleep at night knowing that the Legion's efforts in aid of the disabled and the orphans shall never falter nor fail.

Somot Storm

The Ole Tin Hat's Chance

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL PAGE by Frederick Palmer

We Had Men chest on to mine, where I do not prefer greatest game on earth? in Siberia Too that it shall remain. He says that I always write as if none of our soldiers knew there was a Siberian contingent, all right, and that, as Mr. Kennedy says, it had its full share of "hell and Mr. Portfolio" by his firm was seven million dollars. hardship." Our veterans of Siberia had more travel than any who went to France. They had a rip-snorting. wild, nerve-wracking, lonely Asiatic experience. When you meet one, lead him to tell you about it. You'll learn a lot about American adventures in the World War.

James J. Corbett has been laying bare the inmost feelings of a sensitive nature. He is hurt as he reflects upon the millions Jack Dempsey has been mak-

All in Good Time

ing while John L. Sullivan averaged only about ten thousand dollars for his championship fights. In fact, Jim is very

worried lest Jack is making too much money and too easy money for his own good. Jim says that Jack has never met but one man who had a first-class punch. This was Firpo, who knocked Jack out of the ring. Reading Jim between the lines I gather the impression that only modesty prevents him from telling us who was the greatest prize fighter that ever lived. Probably there are five Lafayette's hundred youngsters in the United States who, if properly trained, could lick Dempsey. They will continue to be by five and a half days' work a week. Whoever licks Dempsey I hope that his name will be Pete, Mike or Aaron as a change after so many Champion Jims, Jacks and Johns.

The slaves of the bat on the block to the highest bid-Tom Turner of the Portland (Oregon) Club of the Coast League, paid \$1,000 for Gordon Wants Some help playing the game for the game's sake and not just for powers. There is no reason for bitterness and every reapay, as the prize fighters fight. If corporations sold skilled son for tolerant negotiation which will make the French foremen and executives back and forth for profit you franc as stable as the American dollar and British pound.

Here is a letter which begins, "I'm going to get this off would have a duplication of the present system of organ-That is, the writer, Mr. Kennedy, who served ized baseball, which does not seem strange to us because in the Siberian contingent, gets it off his we are used to it. But is it good for the health of the

Almerindo Portfolio is his name. An immigrant Italian who went overseas served anywhere but in France. I boy, he made a fortune in the cloak and suit industry in

Retires

New York. Last year the business done Recently he called six of his veteran employes into his office. He told them

that he had money enough at forty-seven; he had done his share of work; he was going to retire and rest. "And boys," he said, "I'm going to give the business to you. Go ahead and make your new organization with me out of it." His admonition to them was to follow his own practice and not watch the clock. Men who share profits usually do not. "You are receiving what you earned," he concluded. "Opportunities are more numerous than ever. The heights of success are not achieved by the spoliation of others but by helping others to help themselves." It seems to me that Mr. Portfolio is quite as good an American as Lawyer John P. Reed of Chicago.

It is said that one sure way to break friendship is to lend a friend money. We want no unnecessary ill feeling

Debt to Us

stirred up between America and France by inflammatory speeches on either side about the debt question. The Allies

pleaded for loans when we entered the undiscovered and to earn a living in a respectable manner war. We gave them loans. England has already stepped up to the counter and made a bargain. She is paying a compromise amount of her loan over a period of sixty-two years. As a result her credit is wholly restored; the pound sterling is back around par. It is now France's turn to make a bargain. She has paid nothing of capital or interest. We have not pressed her. She owes us not only money borrowed during the war but after the war. Some of her perfervid orators have been picturing us as Cochrane, catcher, who batted .336 last Shylocks demanding our pound of flesh; our perfervid year, and whom Turner sold to Connie orators have replied in kind. The French think in terms Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics, for of their fifteen hundred thousand dead soldiers and of the \$50,000 and five players. It has occurred to Cochrane devastated regions. They see our part in the war as that what was sold was his batting eye, nerves, muscles monetary and theirs as the sacrifice of life. Why should and head work and that these are somewhat his personal we collect money loans when they cannot summon back possession and not altogether Tom Turner's. Why should their dead? The dead, they feel, cancel the loans. But opera singers, prize fighters, motion picture stars and France prospers, enriched in resources and territory by great business executives get the full reward for their gifts the victory we helped to win. We also had men under and not ball players? Cochrane has only one recourse, arms, more than four million of them. We have many He is not a mechanical machine whom his owner can set disabled. If we had just wanted to make money we would playing by turning a lever. He is a human flesh and blood have stayed out of the war. The more than three billions machine subject to his own volition. He can refuse to which we lent France and on which she pays no interest play. At this writing he is a "holdout." He asks \$5,000 came out of the pockets of our people in subscriptions to of that \$50,000. Why should not ball players be as well Liberty Loans. We are paying interest on our loans to paid as prize fighters? Isn't Ruth as useful a member of France in interest on our own war debt. But we must not society as Dempsey? What would happen if fifty of our best forget the fraternity of service or her sacrifices for the ball players said that they must have a raise to the prize- common cause for which we fought. Any arrangement fighter scale or quit? They will not because they have to must be conceived in lenient understanding which will take what the owners give them and because they cannot enable France to make a start at liquidation within her

The Nightmare That Rides Through Veteransville

S WE bumped along the frozen, rutty road between the farms of the disabled men at Veteransville, a huge caterpillar tractor came into our view. It was stopped at the side of the road, which also happened to be the end of the furrow. And, wrenches in hand, two roughly dressed individuals could be seen beside the tractor in postures reminiscent of the couplet from "An Army Engineer"—the one that goes: He skinned his belly on a rock, and

snagged it on a nail. He'd have made a damned fine lizard if

he'd only had a tail.

the frosty sun-shine of a Sunday morning in northern Minnesota. One of the "lizards" arose —a tractor liz-ard is the exact opposite of a lounge lizard and extended his hand. There introductions all around, while the other lizard kept

working along, doing a little cussing from time to time that sounded like a Motor Transport mechanic of six or seven years ago. But eventually they got the broken link repaired and were ready to go about their plowing.

Meanwhile we gathered facts, plus impressions, of this particular farm project trainee of the Veterans Bureau. Here was a disabled man with some eighty-odd acres of cutover land.

And what were the biggest considerations in his mind?

They were two: First, "Is it true that the Government is going to discontinue us from training right away?" Second, "Is the Veterans Bureau actually going to take these tractors out of here early next spring?" And as we bumped around from farm to farm I found that almost every one of the trainees feels just the same way about it-that these are the two big worries in his mind.
For "discontinued from train-

ing" is a more terrible ruling on these project training farms of Minnesota than it is almost any-where else. To many of these men it would right now mean not only discontinuance of future training and training pay, but also practically forfeiture of the years of work and hope and ambition which have gone into making the farms what they are already. It is a question of pulling up to the

By ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN, JR.

top of the hill; once the men have got their farms to the top of the hill with what aid has been available, they can go on alone. But withdraw the aid fifty feet below the hilltop, and the whole thing slides back down to ruin

The importance of tractors comes very close here, too. Take the tractor lizard we had been talking with. Of We drew up beside the field and he had about twenty-five acres cleared per year and feel that he is doing bet-climbed out into

and under cultivation as a result of terrifically hard work over the last couple of years. He didn't tell us that it was terrifically hard work. But anyone who knows what it means to clear cutover timber land of the growth of brush, of the stumps left by the loggers, and the rocks bestowed by an all-wise Providence—anyone who knows what this means knows how much work is involved to bring twenty-five acres under the plow.

below. It is inevitable.

The importance of tractors comes in full possession of his bodily very close here, too. Take the tractor strength but falling far short of the lizard we had been talking with. Of overwhelming ambition of these dishis eighty-odd acres of cut-over land, abled men, will clear an acre or so

ter than can be expected.
Most of the settlers in these cutover lands have not more than five acres under cultiva-tion; they eke out an exist-ence by working in the lumber camps in the winter and in iron mines for part of the mining season.

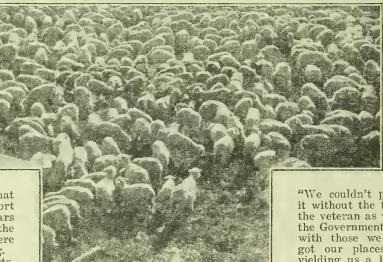
"We couldn't possibly have made it without the tractors," explained the veteran as we stood there. "If the Government hadn't supplied us with those we never could have got our places within reach of yielding us a living. It isn't humanly possible to clear this land fast enough to make a living off it if you start with no capital and don't get any help as you go along.

"A lot of the fellows are in the situation right now where, if the tractors should be taken away next spring, or if their training should be discontinued, they would simply be forced to lose every hit simply be forced to lose every bit of work and every bit of money they have put into these farms. There are no two ways about it. They can't make a go of it without a little more help.

out a little more help.

"Personally, I wouldn't be in as bad shape as that, even though it would mean a pretty stiff fight. I am counting on the tractors to let me bring a lot of this land under the plow in the spring. I have a lot of it cleared but not broken, and I can't break it very fast without a tractor. The reason I'm working on this cultivated land right now is that, with the frost in the ground, I can't break new land. So I'm turning ever this field where I raised oats this year.

year.
"And while I haven't had enough training so that I am a



It was a hopeful day in Veteransville, Minnesota, when the first flock of five hundred sheep, transported from Montana, arrived in the colony to help the farm trainees in their battle with the wilderness. But will there be any more sheep? Or will the fears of the service men pioneers come true and the Government withdraw vocational training assistance before they are able to make a livelihood on their reclaimed acres?

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But I don't want to go to the folks for help. It seems to me that I really am entitled to enough training so that I'll know my business and be able to sup-port myself when I'm officially declared rehabilitated.

"Most of the fellows aren't as well fixed as I am, though, with folks they could fall back on. Lots of 'em haven't any relatives who could help them out. They have spent all their time, and all their training pay, in clearing their places and getting ready

to begin farming.
"They haven't had much real experience farming yet, because the work has all been preliminary instead of actual crop raising. If these boys are cut off of training they will have to learn farming by experience instead of by instruction plus experience. And because they won't have their training pay, they won't be able to get a living off their land. So they will simply have to abandon their projects, or sell out if they can. That is what beans them on pins and is what keeps them on pins and needles—the fear that they may be discontinued from training before they can get established."

There are between five hundred and six hundred Veterans Bureau trainees on farm projects in the State of Minnesota. For the most part, these are men who began with little or no captal, and with comparatively little knowledge of farming. They were advised to take farm training for various reasons—there are the arrested cases of T. B., for instance, who need the out-door life; the nervous cases, who need the freedom, the lack of confinement which comes with farm work and with comparatively few other occupations; men with farm experience; men who had always wanted to farm, but had never taken the step of going on the land, and so

To study these cases at first hand, to see exactly how each one is progressing and what his chances are for the future—this is a job which would require the greater part of a year for nesota are already successfully reha-one man. For while in some localibilitated, and are making good livings ties—Argonne Farms, for example, or for themselves and their families," de-

Veteransville and Silver Star, or Moose Lake—the farms of the trainees are so close together that several can be got over in a single day, the rest are widely scattered around the State, and many are fairly difficult of access.

There are men to be found, however, who are familiar with all of the projects in each locality. Some of these are Bureau employees-district office men, sub-district office men, and local supervisors and instructors at the various training centers which are established in nine strategically located points in the State. There is William T. Kroll, American Legion liaison man at the Minneapolis District Office of the Bureau, and Millard W. Rice, who holds a similar position with the Disabled American Veterans of the World War. And there are American Legion officials of the department and of the districts within it.

TO SURVEY the situation in a reasonable time requires, then, that the investigator talk with a large number of these people who know the local situations, and that he then check up on their statements by first-hand observation of typical projects.

This is how the investigation was made. It took into consideration the points of view of the veterans them-selves, of the Bureau, both in the dis-trict and at Central Office in Washington, of the Legion officials, and of other organizations engaged in relief work among the disabled trainees on farm projects. All of these have been weighted and sifted.

And the opinions of most of these people are not so diverse after all. Take, in the first place, the viewpoints of a District Office Bureau official, and of a Legion worker who were interviewed simultaneously.

"Some of the farm trainees in Minnesota are already successfully rehabilitated, and are making good livings clared this Bureau employee. "And, at the opposite end of the scale, are a few trainees who are not likely ever to become self-supporting as farmers.

"In between comes the great majority. These are the men—probably somewhere more than four hundred of them, all over the State-who must have a little more training and a little more assistance to make good in

their fight to come back.
"The land which the majority of the trainees have is not fine, improved farm land. If it had been, they could not have raised the money to buy it. As a class, it is land which is partially under cultivation; on some of the farms, part of the land was under cultivation when the trainees settled on it; on a very large proportion of the farms there was no land cleared, drained and ready for tillage when the disabled man went on it as a project disabled man went on it as a project trainee. The bulk of the farms are in territory where dairy and stock farming are necessary. Grains are not a profitable crop here when raised for market, but yield well when cut for fodder. This means that the trainee must be established with live stock before he's retail a farmen here stock before he's rated a farmer here. "Most of the men have had to spend

a large proportion of their time in clearing land and getting it ready for cultivation. Then, before they could undertake to raise stock, they have had to grow a crop of feed—for they haven't the capital to finance stock feeding with purchased feed. They must raise their feed to make a profit, or for that matter even to enter the stock farming stage.
"Thus we find a large share of the

trainees now equipped for the time with a little live stock. this fall they have not had the feed to support the stock. And until they have had a full year of experience with raising stock, and handling it, certainly we cannot consider them trained as stock farmers.

Right here the Legion worker en-red the discussion. "What the Butered the discussion.



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reau needs to keep in mind," he declared to the Bureau official and to the investigator, "is that it is not engaged in the enterprise of seeing how large a number of men it can turn out beartaining, and several of what should ing the official tag 'Rehabilitated.' The purpose for which the Bureau is maintained is to turn out a class of men who can make a living. And the point that needs watching is that a man must not be tagged 'Rehabilitated' before he can make a living. Isn't that right?" he inquired, turning to the Bureau man.

"Naturally the Bureau wants to make a man self-supporting before he is declared rehabilitated. But," the is declared rehabilitated. But," the Bureau man admitted, "there is a tendency which we fight all the time. This is the tendency to measure a man's training by the calendar, instead of by his individual requirements. If a man's time has been taken up with clearing the stumps and stones off his farm, then he hasn't had a change to learn farming. had a chance to learn farming.
"The Veterans Bureau let the men

go on these projects. It seems to me personally—and I try to make the other people in the Bureau see it—that we need to help them come all the way through to economic inde-

pendence.
"Training on these projects means practical experience, guided by agricultural experts who can save the men the hardest of the mistakes they would otherwise probably make. Unless a man is on the roll as a trainee, he man is on the roll as a trainee, he can't get the expert guidance. And unless he is on the Bureau's payroll during these preliminary stages, he hasn't an income to live on and consequently can't get the practical experience. If he can't live on what he gets off his farm from the minute his training is discontinued, then he has training is discontinued, then he has to get off his farm. That means, of course, that he loses most of what he has put into it.

"The big point as I see it—and as everyone sees it who has been really close to these farm projects—is that the future of many of the projects, and the men on them, is in the balance right now. A little encouragement, a little extra training to get them into profitable production, is all that is necessary to push them up to the top

have been the most productive years of their lives."

Without making any broad statements, let it be remarked right here that the unnamed Bureau man has come pretty close to hitting the nail on the head. Each trainee's situation and circumstances are just a little different from every other's. The Bu-reau tendency is to feel that the men can be classed in groups, and the groups scheduled for discontinuance of training at a specified time in

The men who work for the Bureau out in the field do not feel this way about it. They realize the differing circumstances which must be borne in mind. The tendency toward "calendar-mindedness" emanates from sources higher in the Bureau, and further from the contact with the individual projects.

Let us return once more to the tractor lizards who were at work turning the frosted soil of an oat field that nippy Sunday morning at Veterans-ville. And let us take up the conver-sation where it left off a few columns

"I'm sorry I can't visit with you and show you around my place," explained the veteran as the tractor was once more ready to work. "But I only get the tractor a couple of days more, and I've got to get as much done with it as I can.

done with it as I can.

"You'd better go along and see Goettelman. He has a nice farm, and he's just finished building the best barn on the settlement. He can tell you anything you want to know, and he is absolutely reliable." Directions followed for getting to Goettelman's farm.

As it happened, we wanted to see Goettelman. Back at the district office the district manager had said, "You should see Herbert Goettelman's place. He is making fine progress." The vocational specialist in charge of agriculture for the district had urged us to look up a number, and had said of Goettelman: "He is doing better

ZIP goes the Circulation Manager's blue pencil on the Weekly's subscription lists, and next week those Legionnaires in Florida and Arkansas who have neglected to pay up their 1925 dues will be wondering why the February 20th issue of the Weekly isn't delivered by the postman. Each new week the Circulation Department is dropping from its mailing lists the names of delinquent subscribers—those members who have not paid their 1925 dues—in one or more States. So far the lists for California, Washington, Oregon, Florida and Arkansas have been pruned of those who have not paid up for the new year. Your State may be in the next group. Pay your 1925 dues immediately, so that you won't miss a single issue of the Weekly. Make sure that your 1925 American Legion Weekly Record Card has been mailed to the Circulation Department of the Weekly at Indianapolis.

than the average man on the projects; if anything, he is somewhat better than typical. And he's a hard work-er." The chief instructor of the Mc-Grath Training Center Area had named Goettelman as one of the men whose project should be seen.

So back we climbed into the car and drove to Goettelman's place. He wasn't working this Sunday. He heard us drive into the yard and came out to greet us. And he quickly invited us into the log cabin which is serving him as a home until he can erect a better.

There followed a long talk. We sat down to dinner with the Goettelmans. And before we had finished John Mc-Gown, Veterans Bureau Supervisor of the McGrath Training Center Area, came with his family as the invited guests for Sunday dinner.

Mind you, Goettelman already had been recommended as better off than most of the trainees because he is a hard worker. With McGown present hard worker. With McGown present as a Bureau Supervisor to check up on his statements, we may be sure that everything was accurate as it was told us. And here, summarized, is Goettelman's situation.

His farm consists of 152 acres. He has been on the project for a year and a half, and had at the outset only two or three tumbledown buildings left by some squatter who had been there before him. Not an acre was cleared

when he came there.

Today he has forty-five acres plowed —which means that he has cleared them of stumps and rocks before plowing, with the stumps about 125 to the acre. He has twenty acres more "brushed" of all the undergrowth, ready to blow the stumps as soon as the ground thaws next spring. He has about eighty-five acres of timber which he intends to leave pretty much as it is for some time to come.

He has one milch cow, one calf, and three beef animals to butcher to feed the family this winter. He has ninety-eight sheep-mostly ewes, with a very few wethers. He was expecting two bucks to be delivered right away.

Last winter he made and sold three hundred ties, cut and sold ninety-six cords of wood. He cut 20,000 feet of elm timber, hauled it to a village about three miles away, and paid to have it sawed into lumber. This lumber went into his new barn—the best barn at Veteransville.

Last summer he raised around twenty acres of oats, which he cut for hay. He put up altogether about twentyeight tons of hay, besides building his barn. "I'm not buying any feed," he explains, "because I can't afford it. I haven't got the money to pay for it. I have to raise my own feed."

Through the efforts of a Bureau official, Goettelman and the other Veteransville trainees who bought sheep got them at \$9.60 a head. When he gets his two bucks his total invest-ment in sheep will be almost exactly

\$1,000.

The livestock is bought through the Agricultural Credit Corporation on time payments. The corporation was organized by bankers to provide funds so that farmers of the Northwest may enter diversified farming.

Goettelman's investment of \$1,000 in sheep is entirely with money from the corporation. By the terms of the



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contract, he must pay thirty percent on October 25, 1925, plus six percent interest. Thus he must pay the Agricultural Credit Corporation \$360 at that time.

By an assumption of yield and prices which seems reasonable, Goettelman should realize \$200 for his wool next spring, and \$630 for his lambs. His expenses for shearing, for buying feed for the lambs next spring, and for sheep-dip should total about \$130. Thus, adding together \$130 expenses and \$360 payment, and subtracting \$490 from the \$830 which he estimates as his gross revenue from the flock, he will have \$340 left. This \$340 represents his labor in caring for the sheep, in raising the feed which they consumed, and his net

This year his taxes totalled \$176; his debt of \$4,000 mortgage involves interest payments of \$240. Thus, subtracting this outgo of \$416 from the \$340 income, there is a deficit of \$76.

Goettelman had been advised into two or three other vocational training endeavors before he came to Veteransville. Consequently he had used up a large part of his training period. Despite the superhuman efforts he has made in preparing his land for cropping, he was supposed to be discontinued from training some time this winter. And he declares that he has a lot to learn before he can feel competent to operate his farm without supervision.

You can see where Herb Goettelman would have stood if he had been discontinued from training this winter. He could not have met his taxes and interest; he would have been turned to the job of farming before he had learned how to handle his sheep, care for their diseases, and all the rest. Either as a matter of training or as a matter of finances, he could not pos-

sibly make the grade.

Recommendations all the way up succeeded in getting an extension of training period for Goettelman. He now has until July 31, 1925, which means that his training and his tra ing pay continue through September. Out of the training pay he can pay for what food he does not raise on the place, for what few clothes he will have to purchase, make up the \$76 deficit, and pay for having cut into lumber the timber which he expects to log off this winter for building a house and a pig-pen next summer, and probably another barn.

"Probably Herb here is in about the same situation as most of the other boys," explained Supervisor McGown. "It happens that he has more land cleared than most of the boys, and has bigger debts because he has gone ahead clearing this land. Since he has bigger debts, he has bigger payments to make. But, since he has more land cleared to raise feed on, he will get a bigger income from his place. Most of the boys couldn't take care of a hundred sheep because they haven't enough cleared land to raise the feed."

But are the other trainees—even the better class of trainees—as well off as Goettelman? For not everyone of them has been able to rush the work of clearing his place as fast as has

training within the next few months the prospect is one of apprehension.

Take any one of literally hundreds of men-men who have worked as faithfully as their disabilities and their limited capital and income would permit. Imagine yourself in the place of one of these men.

Your income from your farm is as yet insufficient to let you get by the instalments, the interest and taxes, and the lowest scale of living expenses you can figure out. Your training pay from the Bureau is all that enables you to get by, and to finance the work which you hope will eventually

give you a productive, profitable farm.

But you know that you are slated for discontinuation, say next March. You have applied for an extension, and your application has been recommended by the local authorities. But you have no way of knowing that you will obtain the extension—and if it is refused, you will simply have to give up your hope of becoming a self-respecting farmer on your own place. You will forfeit all the heart-breakback-breaking, dawn-to-dark work that has gone into the place, and also at best almost all of the money which has been painfully scraped out

of your training pay month by month.
"A man needs two and one-half cycles of farming before he can be considered competent to go ahead to a successful career unsupervised and unaided," is the opinion of an expert of the University of Minnesota Farm School. And practically all of the men on the projects in Minnesota fall short of this.

As Mr. Kroll points out, this expert's idea would preclude the present tendency to discontinue training by the calendar instead of by the circum-stances. Thinking of farming in terms of cycles—and what other sensible way is there of regarding a business which is dependent on the seasons in this way?—there are two seasons: the first, carrying through the spring period of preparing the ground and planting; the second, carrying through the harvest. To discontinue a man at other than these seasons two possible dates of logical termination of training—is to let the calendar triumph over common sense.

At Veteransville—and it must be recognized that Veteransville is to be regarded as simply one of the training areas, but in large measure typifying the situation at most of the others—E. A. Calhoun is chief instructor, with supervision also over the trainees at Silver Star and the rest of the territory near McGrath, Minnesota. Calhoun knows intimately

all of the projects in this territory.

"It is absolutely necessary, if the men are to make a success of their projects and thus get a start back to economic independence, that the men's training be extended and that the tractors be kept for the next year," declares Instructor Calhoun.

"On the clearing, breaking, and similar work, the men must have tractors they are to finish the job. Some of the men—Goettelman, for example—are somewhere near through with the clearing they must do to grow sufficient feed. Others have a lot of it yet to do. We need the tractors for these men; these trainees will be terribly handicapped if the Bureau should withdraw them." if they are to finish the job. Some of

So much for the area where the most detailed investigation was made at first-hand. This is not an account of every step in the investigation, but of the significant high-lights. Everyone close to the projects told the same story—the need for more training, and the need for the tractors.

There are, of course, disabled vet-

erans in Minnesota agricultural training projects who have been able to get through their difficulties, and who are today on the road to good incomes. In developing these men to the point of productive independence, the Veterans Bureau has well performed a

none too easy task.

But the consensus of the men who know—instructors, relief workers, Le-gion officials, and Veterans Bureau employees close to the projects—their consensus is that the urgent need to-day is a policy within the Bureau which will recognize that a man is not "rehabilitated" until he is ac-tually rehabilitated.

PATRIOTIC QUIZ NO. 8

- 1. Who said: "There never was a good war or a bad peace"?
- 2. What European ruler fled to the United States for asylum and remained more than twenty-five years?
- 3. In what election did a President fail of a unanimous electoral poll by a single vote, and why was he not accorded that vote?
- 4. What great American author published his first book anonymously while he was serving under an assumed name as a private soldier in a peacetime United States Army?
- 5. How did the expression "repairing political fences" originate? Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUIZ

- 1. John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, was elected a Congressman from Virginia in the Confederate Congress and died in office, January 17, 1862.
- 2. Rhode Island used its colonial charter, granted by Charles II of England in 1663, as a state constitution until 1842.
- 3. Following the Boston Massacre (March 5, 1770), in which four citizens were killed and several wounded in a street affray with a party of British troops, the troops concerned were arrested and tried on a charge of murder. All were acquitted of that charge by a jury drawn from Boston and vicinity, but two were found guilty of manslaughter and branded in the hand.
- 4. The Mugwumps were those Republican voters who in the election of 1884 bolted the party after Blaine was nom-inated, and supported Cleveland. Since that time the term has come to mean simply a voter who is independent in politics.
- 5. Tennessee, with a population of 2,337,885 in the last federal census (1920) is closest to the average for the forty-eight States, which is 2,202,304.



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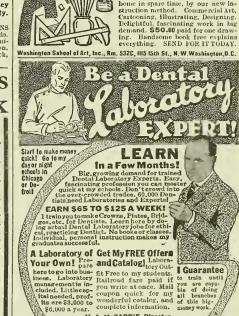
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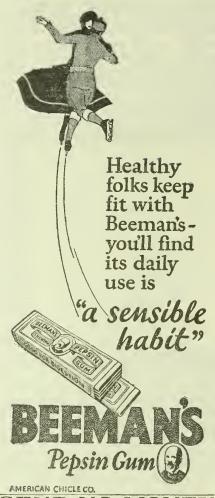




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What Europe Thinks of Us

(Continued from page 7)

legend about the widow of a cabinet the opposite of gracious. It may not minister clerking in a store and going be logical, it may not be noble, but it out cleaning by the day. She is to be is human. We should be no different. out cleaning by the day. She is to be found in almost every city on the continent—if not a cabinet minister's widow then a distinguished composer's or scientist's. I have myself known of two former newspaper editors who of two former newspaper editors who last year were making a precarious living selling papers on street corners. And in London you find obviously educated men walking the streets wearing signs reading, "I want any kind of work. Have a wife and three children." Practically all the time since the war more than a million men have been out of work in England and have had to live on government doles. I mention this only in passing, because what I am trying to emphasize is the deeper wreck wrought in human lives rather than the material aspects, though the effects of financial ruin on whole classes are not to be discounted.

My object is not to prove that the

war left Europe prostrate, because that is familiar to every newspaper reader. I am emphasizing it only because I want to show the background in which Eprope's mentality is now formed. It is in this frame of mind that Europeans look across at America and see it sleek, prosperous, complacent and for all practical purposes in as-cendancy over the rest of the world. And they feel incidentally that Amereasily be disputed.

Human beings are seldom philosophical in the face of reverses. Those who

The European does not look upon the war as his fault. Nor, accurately speaking, was it. To say, as so many Americans do, that if Europe will have its wars it must pay for them is in-terpreting history too simply. The war was the product of the European system, which in turn was the product of centuries of development. The war was in the nature of the world as the world is now. Taking Europe not as a continent, not as a system of so many a continent, not as a system of so many rival nationalities, but as a part of the earth inhabited by so many human beings—farmers and grocers and carpenters and teachers and doctors and their wives and children, individuals like ourselves—the Europeans are no more to be blamed for the war than we are to be blamed for the war than we are to be credited with being spared wars because geography has favored us by putting us between two oceans and giving us no strong, jealous neighbors. The war, from this point of view, was the world's tragedy, one in which the European is as innocent as the American as the American cent as the American.

It was a world tragedy or a world crime, whichever one wishes to call it, but the consequences or the penit, but the consequences or the penalty, whichever one wishes to call it, can hardly be said to have been equally distributed. The European has seen his life wrecked. If he has not been disabled he has been impoverished. If he has not been out of work, his income has been taxed down to a sustenance level. If his savings have not been wined away because his currency. been wiped away because his currency have been afflicted by misfortune has declined anywhere from ten to through no fault of their own can selforty percent as in England, sixty to dom look graciously on those who have seventy-five percent as in France, Belbeen at the same time blessed with gium and Italy or almost out of exist-extreme good fortune through no efence as in Germany, Austria, Hungary fort of their own. They are apt to be **FEBRUARY 13, 1925** PAGE 21

lives. There are also, to be sure, Europeans who got rich off the war, and in the expensive watering places of Europe you find them of every nationality, including the most impoverished ality, including the most impoverished like Austria and Germany, surrounded by champagne bottles and weighted down with diamonds. The American tourist, seeing them, gets skeptical about European poverty. He forgets that for every profiteer he sees there are ten thousand who are unable to have a suit of clothes or a book buy a suit of clothes or a book.

The European has paid his price for the war, is paying it yet and knows how exacting and inexorable it He sees the American not only escaping anything approaching a similar price for the war but on the whole having done pretty well by it—as healthy as ever, as rich as before if not richer, and providentially spared the ruin that confronts Europe on every hand. It is in dollars that Europe's wealth is measured. The dollar is the only sound and stable currency. One by one the treasures of Europe cross the Atlantic, because the European has to sell and the American is rich, and the dollar is worth proportionately more than the native currencies. The artists, whether painters or composers or singers or violinists, give of their art to America by preference because America alone can pay.

One by one the resources of Europe are coming under the control of American capital. It would be instructive to draw up a table of just how much of Europe American interests own already and how much more is under American mortgage because of loans. The recent conference in London to put the Dawes plan into effect showed how little Europe could decide without the consent of American bankers. Europe, down and out, sees itself pass under the dominion of America, fat and flourishing. And being very unmistakably made aware of it, not only from its own observation but by none too delicate reminders.

We have, indeed, done nothing to make our assumption of supremacy more easy for Europe. We have not softened the edge of the chagrin which is inevitable under the circumstances, nor have we spared Europe any humiliation. In fact, we have rubbed it in. We may have done so uncon-sciously, but the effect has been the same.

In the first place, Americans have been a little self-righteous and selfcomplacent of speech since the war. In the second place, they have made their dollars a little too conspicuous. Excessive modesty and reticence have never been American vices, and they have never afflicted us so little as since the war. We have not hesitated to point out to Europeans without being pressed that we were superior because we did not wreck ourselves in wars. We have not hesitated to tell them, without solicitation, how they can save themselves. Generally it is by being like ourselves.

American bankers, American Congressmen, American editors and Americans-at-large have swarmed over Europe these last few years, "making a study of European conditions." Some- We have been even less backward times they have waited to air their about displaying our wealth. It has

compelled him to draw them out any-views until they got home. As often way. He will be paying for the war they have not. Even if they waited, in full measure and over as long as he their words have found quite reto. the other shores of the Atlantic. Americans have a way of talking rather freely in the press. There is what you might call a journalistic li-cense in all newspaper interviews. A man giving them paints with rather broad strokes as a rule. We ourselves recognize this and make the appropriate discount for it. To the Europeans, however, the words of an official personage publicly expressed carry some official weight. And when European news agencies with correspondents here send back these same interviews and the words so jauntily tossed off to the ship news reporters at quarantine are reproduced in cold type in another country they are apt

to rasp, and they usually do.

Let me give a concrete case. Two
years ago a certain United States Senator went to Europe. He was in several capitals and in many of them was officially received. When he came home he wrote a magazine article. It was on the whole an able article, indisputable in the facts it presented. America's foremost problem, the Senator wrote, was its relation to Europe. The world was a unified whole and our welfare was bound up with Europe's. We must help Europe.

Then he gave an accurate picture of the desperate situation in Europe. He told of the collapse resulting from the war and also of the renewal of old rivalries since the war. He analyzed the causes of these rivalries and showed how there was right on both sides and wrong on both sides, because their roots went centuries back in the past. And he told of the piling up of armaments on all sides and the certainty of total destruction in Europe if another war should come.

America must help, he said by way of conclusion. And how should it help? Not by doing anything, of course. Not by actively participating in international deliberations and taking responsibility for their decisions. Not with money or troops. Not by risking anything, in other words. No, what Europe needed most, he said, was moral guidance. It needed our surerior outlook on politics and life. What it needed most was our advice. Let us give Europe sound advice and plenty of it.

I am not caricaturing now. I can cite the magazine and the article. Nor am I quarreling with most of the Sen-ator's line of argument. The situation in Europe is desperate, almost an insoluble dilemma. And any intelli-gent European knows it at least as well as visiting Americans. It is equally true that there is nothing America can effectually do now and that Europe must save itself, and every intelligent European knows that But I can see a European flaring up with wrath at the conclusion. just the sort of naïveté and self-com-placency that goads him. If we cannot do anything, well and good, but let us at least have the good taste to keep still. If Europe can't have our help it doesn't want our advice and certainly not our moral preachments. They do it no good and it doesn't need them. And they come too cheaply to us to be worth very much.



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not made life pleasanter to the French, drive prices up, he makes lusty comthe Belgians and the Italians, not to mention the Germans, Austrians and Czechs, to see Americans living in their midst as princelings because the dollar was worth many times its normal value, while they themselves have had barely enough to put up a respectful front. In many summer resorts it has been impossible sometimes for na-They tives to get accommodations. could not pay as much in their currency as the American could with dollars. As everybody knows, there are districts in Paris on the left bank of the Seine from which Americans have driven out French artists and writers. In some places on the Continent for the first two or three years after the war, if you went to a good play or concert, you found a majority of Americans in the best seats. Shops were raided by Americans buying luxuries of every sort for a fifth or even a tenth what they could buy them for at home because of the depreciated currencies. Merchants, of course, drove up the prices because the Americans could pay, and the native, being naturally unable to compete against dollars with his depreciated notes, had to do without

Now this would be galling under any circumstances. And Americans who have gone to Europe have done nothing to make it less galling. Tourists any nationality are seldom overly delicate in their manners. There is an American tourist type, in particular, who is nearer the opposite. The American traveler of this type makes his money talk, rather loudly, and if he has more than the native—which he nearly always has—he expects the Eupeans are sometimes unreasonable in ropean to get out of his way, even in their attitude toward America, there his native city. And while spending may be reasons. I have tried to set his dollars lavishly, so lavishly as to forth some of them.

plaint about prices. In the hotels frequented by tourists you hear every summer noisy and detailed discussions on exchange, as of a group of coroners holding joint inquest. One tells how he bought a hat here for the equivalent of half a dollar, the other boasts of having the best suite at a fashionable hotel for seventy-five cents. And when the exchange stabilizes in one country and drops in another, the flock of American émigrés, living abroad only because it is cheaper than home, moves en masse to the other as an invading host.

You have only to reverse the situation to imagine how it feels. You need only imagine a host of Italians, Frenchmen or Slavs living in the best rooms in every hotel in a big American city for the equivalent of a few cents, sitting in the best seats of the theaters, crowding Americans out of apart-ments, riding in taxis while everybody else uses street cars, and getting first service in restaurants, shops and amusement places because they are foreigners. The American population would not feel particularly gracious toward the foreign host, especially if the foreigners were rather ostentatious in their enjoyment of their spe-

cial privileges. It is a pretty sound rule that there are generally two sides to a dispute or a misunderstanding. I have attempted here to give the European side. It is fitting that Americans know that there is one and what it is. They will be able to understand, perhaps, why there are such incidents as the booing of the Americans in Paris. If Euro-

Odd Fish in O. D.

(Continued from page 9)

of being a soldier and then faded away again into utter obscurity. He took the war, it seemed, as a personal annoyance whose maneuvers must be borne in order to eat.

It was not discovered until a two weeks' quarantine imposed upon the street was almost lifted that Ernest was still in the habit of going downtown to the movies every night. Promptly he was haled before our captain, with whom, in civilian life, he had been on the most familiar terms. In his most military manner our skipper laid down the law to him. At the end of remarks that threatened every-

end or remarks that threatened everything from sixty days in the stockade to a firing party Ernest yawned.

"All right, Joey," he informed his two-barrel pal of olden days. "If you say so I'll stay in the street. Anything to oblige." He borrowed three dollars and returned to the coal bin and his serious reading.

and his serious reading.

When finally we reached the front in France Ernest was thrust forth to open, refusing to exhibit more than a mild interest in the various metals whizzing about in his vicinity.

for good men to handle picks. When-ever hauled forth for drill or guard he went composedly through the motions wouldn't be so damned personal about it. All I want in this man's Army is to be let alone."

It was only a few nights afterward that the angry Germans commenced to lay down a barrage next to the corrugated iron hut housing Ernest and a number of other warriors. One by one, as the big stuff thundered nearer, the occupants leaped for the open air and sought shelter under a nearby bluff. Finally, when a tremendous burst came, fairly bending in the walls, the last of the crowd shouted to

Ernest from the door.
"Head for the bluff, Ernest. Here comes a wicked one. Beat it quick!" The voice of Ernest answered calmly

out of the darkness.

"Don't wait for me, old man. I can't find my shoes."

I think that today, tucked away somewhere in a large office building, you will find Ernest going methodicalstint, asking only to be let alone.

But you won't find Eddie, the Wild

hold down a post on the line of com-munications. He kept his section days. Not our Eddie, who always in-open, refusing to exhibit more than a sisted that the first he heard of the war was when he drove a load of wood to town from his place back in the "I suppose they have to throw all Rocky Mountains and was yanked off

enthusiastic. I guess the horses and the wagon and the load of wood are still out in front of the courthouse.'

He beamed always on the world and paid the penalty for it. Never was there a young man more put upon by his comrades in O. D. For Eddie was so darned likable it was impossible to pass him without banging him on the back or tossing a condiment can at him or otherwise expressing the affection. "Let's get good old Eddie out of bed and tell him about it," was the slogan of all homecoming parties after Taps. Eddie's bed for a long time after we moved into barracks was right next to the door, and not a late arrival at night but paused there to give the soles of his feet a friendly slap.

Eventually Eddie grew wrathy. He was averaging about three hours consecutive sleep a night. As a result the next young man who came tottering home late and swung with a comradely hand at Eddie's feet in the dark let out a howl that brought a dozen flashlights into life.

"??!!** !!??" said the latecomer. The foot of our Eddie's bed, all were able to observe, was neatly wrapped with barbed wire filched from the training trenches, and Eddie's snores

were peaceful.

Remember how they used to line us up in those bygone days and tell us what great things service in the Army would do for us? "Join the Army and See the World Under an Eighty-Pound Pack," "Let Uncle Sam Make a Square-Jawed, Two-Fisted Pick-Swinger Out of You," etc. Those may not have been the exact words, but that, as I recollect, was about the idea. At all events, the Army did a great thing for our wagoner Bowie, who came into its ranks from a farm well below the Mason-Dixon line. It gave him the chance of gratifying the largest ambition of his childhood-that of owning a bicycle.

He got it from a salvage pile in France and his happiness was complete. Every afternoon of the spring we spent in billets overseas we marat Bowie wrapped about that bicycle's frame as he pedaled blindly up and down the street learning to ride. We sat in doorways making bets on how long he would stay in the saddle while frantic Gallic mothers snatched their children out of his path.

And then one evening when retreat was sounded Bowie marred his perfect service record by being absent. Taps came and he was still among the missing. The top kick was about to send out a search party with lanterns and reckets when the lost one came limping in on his faithful vehicle.

"You'd better have a walloping good excuse for the skipper," the top kick

told him.

"I got one," said Bowie mournfully. We heard the next day from the cap-

tain's orderly what it was.
"Captain," said Bowie, gesturing at length, "it was that there bicycle o' mine. I come to the top of a hill and she got a-goin'—man, how she got a-goin'! I couldn't do nothin' outside o' hold on. I held on for I guess three or four mile before she and me wound up in a ditch away out there back o' warriors so was Dad the eldest. We them tall mountains. So I walked her took him into the fold—gray hair,

the front seat by the local draft board. home. I didn't figger to get back "Right then," Eddie used to tell us much before breakfast. But she's a in his slow drawl, "was where I got good bicycle and I don't hold nothin' agin' her. I never see so much land-scape go by so fast in my life."

Bowie, of course, drew a week's K. P. and a staggering fine out of his next payday francs. Truth compels me to admit that the skipper dismissed him with a terrific frown and two days later he was made company messenger, empowered to travel to and from battalion headquarters on his iron steed, the most cheerful private in America's overseas forces.

Yes, Bowie was the soul of glee, and so for most of the time was another warrior of the outfit, young Jimmy, who, however, enlisted with a frightful grouch. It was a long time before we discovered that our seventeen-yearold's disposition had been soured by his rejection for the first Plattsburg O. T. C.

"The fat major examining us asked me if I'd ever had any previous military experience," declared Jimmy one night. "So I said yes, I was a colonel in the Boy Scouts. He patted me on the shoulder and said, 'Well, suppose you go back and get to be a general in the Scouts.' The old fool! If it hadn't been for him I'd never have had to join up as a private.'

For sometime we were afraid of losing Jimmy. We used to put him carefully in the rear rank at inspec-tions, fearing lest some staff officer might stop in front of him and sternly demand what a youth of his age was doing in a war. But shortly it was made plain that our infant prodigy could take care of himself. By the time we reached France his ability had reached to uncanny heights. When reached to uncanny heights. When his horse fell ill beneath him and died on the road up to the front Jimmy was not downhearted. He merely visited the nearest French picket-line under cover of darkness and in his innocent way came off with a nice new charger. This, in turn, he cast loose to graze by the roadside when he found a motor truck would help him twenty kilometers or so on the way.

In billets, as I recall, he was our star forager. He had a knack of dropping down to the nearest company kitchen and informing the guard there that a fire was starting up the street. When the guard returned from the false alarm Jimmy would apologize for the mistake, chat a while and amble back to billets with enough jam and biscuits concealed about his person to feed the squad.

"Some day," the squad pessimist warned him, "one o' those guards is coming back from that fire sooner'n you expect and'll run his bayonet through you while you're looting his kitchen."

"Well," said young Jimmy, spreading himself another slab of marmalade, "let's wait till he does." Jimmy today, I rather imagine, is at least a Scoutmaster. I am willing to wager heavily that his troop is carefully drilled in strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and that its members if act draws with the strategy and the strategy an bers, if set down empty-handed in the middle of Death Valley, could go out and come back in fifteen minutes with a can of jam and a box of hardtack apiece.



A S sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system drain into the system and cause many or-ganic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyor-rhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

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broad grin, ruddy countenance and all —in the first city we struck in France where the onerous lot of guard duty was ours. Dad, it must be confessed, was technically a prisoner in our keeping, an AWOL from the last division to hold the sector who in some manner had been mislaid when it left for other parts. He was a cook, and the very first morning it was unanimously decided that there could be nothing far wrong with any man who could turn out such flapjacks.

Nor was there. Night after night in barracks he regaled us with his experiences in such an infinitely superior war as the Boxer Rebellion.

"It was just habit with me I got into this one," he explained.

But, of course, we lost our model combination cook and prisoner. We did our duty and reported him to headquarters as escaped. Only no mention was made of the fact that Dad, the fugitive, had in his possession the sum of seven hundred francs of his savings and, when he boarded the train, full information at last as to where his own outfit was located.

It was shortly after we had moved from the paved streets of town to a straggling village nearer the center of hostilities that Willie showed up. He was an inoffensive, pale-faced, home-sick little soldier in a uniform that flapped pathetically about his person. He had been, I think, around the billet for three or four days before anybody took any notice of him. He said he didn't like his outfit, which was over in the next village, and thought he'd like to live with us. One night when francs were plentiful we took Willie along to the café and allowed him a supply of vin blink. For a while he enjoyed it but presently began to lament that it was "a wicked, wicked woild."

We agreed. It was a wicked, wicked world in which young men had to fight a war three thousand miles from home.

"Cheer up, Willie," advised our most beaming private. "You'll be back on Main Street some day with a gray beard. Then what'll you do?"

"Go back ter crime," confessed Willie. "I'm a burglar in Brooklyn

when I'm workin'."

He drew back the collar of his blouse to show us the scar of a bullet he had received in the neck during some cheerful water-front battle. He also showed us the jagged tear in his scalp where a beer bottle had cut in his civilian days. He warmed to his subject and talked scientifically of jimmies, plants and fences. We listened in awe, none of us having had acquaintance before with a real burglar. When the party broke up, as I recall, Willie was its hero and we were all giving him good addresses to rob.

"No," he mourned, "you guys is all right here but you'd turn me over ter the cop if you ever see me at home. It's a wicked, wicked woild."

He stayed with us for a week, growing more and more mournful all the They hadn't treated him right in the Army. He was a man of ex-perience who had heard real bullets buzz. He had had some vague idea when he enlisted that war would be a matter of riding around the front in a taxicab, shooting out of the windows. "My Instead, they had set him to driving too at mules. One fine morning Willie, the play?"

homesick burglar, had vanished for keeps. It is my impression that he headed for the nearest large city where he could engage in the profession he

I will say for Willie that, although there were francs and watches a-plenty lying around the billets all he was a package of papers and a bag of bull from the sergeant's blouse. If I ever happen to have a flashlight shoved in my face in the dead of night and hear a gruff voice order "Hands up" I hope the flashlight and the voice will belong to Willie.

However, that is all imagination. It is quite possible that Willie, too, along with the rest of us, has settled down into a quiet little groove. For all I know he may have cut out working at night entirely in favor of a job from nine to five in a factory, punching a time clock and coming home promptly at noon on Saturdays to toss his pay envelope at the wife. The peace has claimed us for its own-Ernest, Eddie, Bowie, young Jimmy, Dad, Willie, Sandy, myself and the remainder of the host of young men who at one time wore knee breeches of drab or blue trousers that belled out at the bottoms.

It must by now have even repressed the most historic second looey of them all. Him I have saved until the last, for his was a deed worthy of especial mention. He met the symbol of all that is military and mighty and was no whit abashed. As long as there lives a doughboy who likes to hear a good story on anyone above the rank of major the fame of that looey should endure. He had been transferred to the rarefied atmosphere of division headquarters from the foot-sloggers but, it appeared, even that tremendous upward step had failed to make him very stiff and formal. He was a thin, gangling youth with a couple of medals and it took him exactly one week to make a reputation that flitted from village to village, from barn to château and back again.

Upon division headquarters, bound on some obscure mission, there had descended a diminutive colonel of British Army. The motorcycle men were turned out for him to review, the field clerks all stood at attention, the headquarters troop shined up its shoes. On the evening of his departure a tremendous banquet was held in his honor in the Hôtel de la République of our headquarters city and into this he burst in all the panoply of the full dress peacetime uniform of His Ma-jesty's Service—ribbons, bars, gold lace, brass buttons, epaulettes, sword and everything.

There was a hush as he entered the dining hall. No such uniform of splendor had ever been seen by any of the Americans there assembled. As he passed down the hall only one voice spoke. It was that of the thin looey, whose duty of providing and mixing the punch had been extremely well done. He beamed upon the gorgeous visitor through slightly near-sighted eyes. It was plain that he was having difficulty in placing him. Then, just as Britannia's representative passed him, the band in the gallery struck out a refrain and his face cleared.

"My little man," he inquired far, far too audibly, "what instrument do you



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OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

Co. F. 23D Enc.—Reunion at Olmsted Hotel, Cleveland, O., Feb. 21-22. Address J. H. Brineman, 205 West Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind. FOURTH ORD. T. C., NORTHWESTERN UNIV.—Reunion at Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 23. Address Robert A. Jones, 413 Transportation Bldg., Chicago.

138TH INF.—Roll call and reunion, Mar. 17, at Armory, Grand and Market Sts., St. Louis, Mo. Address Morris Klein, 1203 LaSalle Bldg., St. Louis,

Mo. Address Morris Kielli, 1200 Bastille 2013.
St. Louis.
11TH F. A.—Former members of this outfit living in New York or vicinity interested in reunion, address James T. Carroll, Room 211, Post Office Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be com-plete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

WALTER BAION, Lackawanna (N. Y.) Post. D. Jan. 11, aged 29. Served with Co. A, 305th Inf., 77th Div.

D. Jan. 11, aged 29. Served with Co. A, 305th Inf., 77th Div.

Samuel Cote, Claremont (N. H.) Post. D. Dec. 27. Chaplain at Camp Devens, Mass., and in A. E. F. and on transports with U. S. M. C. Walter Emckson, Howard McCarty Post, Cambridge, Minn. D. Jan. 2, aged 31. Served at Evacuation Hosp. No. 1.

Walter G. Fitzsimmons, St. Paul (Minn.) Post. D. Jan. 10. Served with Marines.

Ralph W. Fredsell, Disabled Vcterans Post, New Haven, Conn. D. at Allingtown Hospital, Jan. 16. Served with Co. B, 105th M. G. Bn. Wilbur L. Hollen, Paul Kuhn Post, Blandburg, Pa. Killed in mine at Glasgow, Pa., Jan. 16, aged 30. Served in Co. B, 122d Eng.

Herbert C. Keck, Couriney Lawrence Post, Medina, O. D. Dec. 12, aged 27. Served in S17th D. B., Austin, Tex.

Edwin Kelley, Andrew F. Young Post, Woonsocket, R. I. D. Jan. 15. Served at Camp Devens, Mass.

Herbert R. Kennedy, St. Paul (Minn.) Post. D. Jan. 8. Served in Army.

Walter Kuehl, Manistee (Mich.) Post. D. Jan. 15. aged 32. Served in Infantry.

William E. Lea, Webster County Post, Marshfeld, Mo. D. Jan. 18, aged 25. Served in C. A. C. and in Navy.

Paul Lepage, Clarence L. Perkins Post, Farmington, N. H. D. Jan. 13, aged 34. Served in A. E. F.

E. M. McConnell, Grove City (Pa.) Post. D. Jan. 16, aged 62. Licutenant, M. C.

Served in A. E. F.
E. M. McConnell, Grove City (Pa.) Post.
D. Jan. 16, aged 62. Lieutenant, M. C.
ALVIN A. MORIN, Gunder Austad Post, Red
Lake Falls, Minn. D. Jan. 11, aged 35. Served
with Co. D. 33d Eng.
HAROLD J. MURPHY, William Reaves Post,
Huron, S. D. D. Jan. 8. Served at Ft. Riley,
Kan.

HAROLD J. MURPHY, William Reewes Post, Huron, S. D. D. Jan. 8. Served at Ft. Riley, Kan.

JOHN J. MURPHY, Bennington (Vt.) Post. D. Jan. 15, aged 28. Reg. Pharm. at Naval Training Base, Hampton Roads, Va.
JOSEPH F. O'CONNOR, Frank E. Robertshaw Post, Rochester, N. Y. D. Dec. 20, aged 33. Served in Co. M, 59th Pioneer Inf.
JOHN F. O'HEIR, David W. E. Allen Post, Bronx County, N. Y. D. Jan. 18. Served with 105th F. A. 27th Div.
FRANK J. PECK, Romulus Carl Berens Post, Stevens Point, Wis. D. Jan. 21, aged 30. Served with By Hydrony By Pencille, Cambridge (Mass.) Post. D. at Rutland, Mass., Oct. 2, aged 28. Served in Army.
WILLIAM REDDIN, Hinsdale (N. H.) Post. D. in Albany, N. Y., Oct. 29. aged 32. Served in 16th Co., C. A. C.
FEANK J. SCHMITZ, Lafayette (Ind.) Post. D. Jan. 19, aged 37. Served with 245th Acro Squadron.
EMIL SOUTHERLUND, Howard McCarty Post, Cambridge, Minn. D. Jan. 24. Served with 2d Co., 161st D. B.
RUDOLPH H. TAUSCH, Comal Post, New Braunfels, Tex. D. Dec. 29, aged 33. Served with 12d M. G. Bn., 36th Div.
Anton J. WECMAN, Fred F. Bruning Post, Breda, Ia. D. Jan. 11. Served in Army.
W. A. B. WHEELER, Herbert J. Remondet Post, Natchez, Miss. D. Dec. 28. Served with Co. A, 336th M. G. Bn. and 553d Eng.
HARRY WINTON, Wood County Post, Bowling Green, O. D. Dec. 7, at Dayton Soldiers' Home.
OSCAR WITHERS, Harrison Quigley Post, Palmura Pa. D. Dec. 10, aged 32. Served

OSCAR WITHERS, Harrison Quigley Post, Palmyra, Pa. D. Dec. 10, aged 32. Served with Co. B, 327th Inf., 82d Div.

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Technique

The expert highwayman was hearing the report of his apprentice, who had failed lamentably on his first job.

"Wot did you say to her?" he demanded.

"I says to her, I says, 'Lady, hands up!"

"You blame' young fool," growled his mentor. "That shows what a lot you gotta learn. That ain't how they carry their money. Next time say, 'Feet up!"

Essential

Employer: "What are your qualifications for an executive?"
Applicant: "Watch this frown!"

Fini les Cooties

[Heading in Daily News Record (trade paper)]

Shirts Not as Active as in Former Years.

Philosophy

I got a bum jury
Out here in Missouri,
And now I am here in the pen.
My mind's in a fury About that damned jury—
But such things occur now and then. -No. 27026.

An Inducement Even

Real Estate Agent (showing house to prospect): "'Too far from the station'? My dear sir, with your waist measure!"

Superlatively So

Dora: "Tess is awfully dumb."
Della: "Yes, she's so dumb she doesn't know when to act that way."

Saving the Pennies

Sandy McTavish, proprietor of a corner confectionery, was the proud owner of a new cash register. One day, when an old friend came into the shop and bought a five-cent eigar, the customer noted that Sandy pocketed the manager in

tomer noted that Sandy poeketed the money instead of putting it into the drawer.

"Why not ring it up?" he asked. "You'll be forgetting it."

"Oh, I'll nae forget it," replied the wary Scot. "Ye ken I keep track in mah head until I get a dollar, an' til I get a dollar, an' then I ring it up. It saves the wear-r and tear-r on the machine."

DANGER



Mrs. Youngbride: "Do you love me as much as you used to?"
Mr.: "Yes, darling, I'd be idiot enough to marry you all over again."

No Position to Judge

Joshua Kornshux, of Scrabble Corners, Joshua Kornsnux, of Scrabble Corners, was paying a visit to the city and while there ran into a fellow townsman. "And how do you like the city, Josh?" he was asked.
"I dunno," was the dismal reply. "My wife's along."

Useful and Ornamental

Mrs. Mandy Jefferson: "What am yo' husband gwine git yo' fo' yo' buthday?"
Mrs. Liza Johnson: "Ah reckon Ah'll have him git me himself a job."

Over on the Jersey Side

"And why," asked the teacher, "does the Good Book admonish us to pour oil on the troubled waters?"

"So the mosquitoes won't breed," replied Little Johnny.

The Season's Hit

Friend: "Why did you lengthen your play to four acts?"
Author: "Well, I figured it would have at least a fifteen-minutes longer metropolitan run."

Divided Celebration

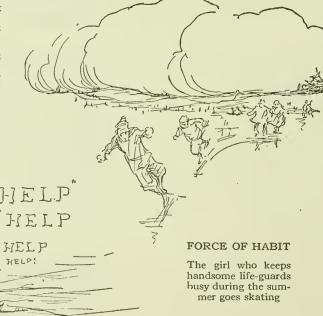
George Washington Jones was all dolled up when on the street he met the man who employed his wife and himself.

"Yon didn't come to work this morning," chided the boss.

"Nossuh," George explained. "Dis am mah silver weddin' jubilee."

"But your wife went to work as usual."

"Yassuh, sho' 'nuff, suh, but dat am mah third wife. Dis am only her tin weddin', so Ah didn' want her to lose a day."



Rapid Progress

Said the bank teller to the new girl

bcokkeeper:

"You didn't foot it up."

"Certainly not," she replied. "I took a

Where?

Sergeant Mulhausen was a conscientious, if somewhat dumb, old-timer and he took his duties seriously when placed in charge of transportation details while the charge of transportation details while the outfit was being transferred from Cavite, P. I., to Pekin.

As the train was starting, the sergeant jerked open the door of the compartment, and demanded sternly:

"If there's anybody in here what was left back there, speak up!"

1925 Version

A book of puzzles underneath the bough, Thesaurus, Webster, Century, and thou Beside me, looking up the tricky words— Ah, wilderness is e'en a madhouse now!

—L. R. A.

Insult Supreme

The great editor was dying. The physician leaned over him with a stethoscope, listened a few moments and then rose

sadly.
"Poor man," he announced. "Circulation almost gone."
With an effort, the editor lifted his

head.
"You're a liar!" he proclaimed weakly. "Over four hundred thousand, and gaining every day."

Visions of Spring

Spring, so they tell me,
Is a fair lass,
Dancing with dryads
And Pan on the grass.
Spring, as I see her,
(I guess I'm a brute)
Is a fat duffer In an old golfing suit.

—E. D. K.

No Fingerprints

"Safety first," remarked the detective's son as he donned rubber gloves to raid the jam closet.

How Well He Knew It

"Oh, John," exelaimed his wife sweetly, as she stopped him in front of a millinery store, "Let's go in here and look at some hats."

"It wouldn't do you a bit of good," replied her husband. "I only brought a dollar with me."

"Well," pouted the wife, "you might have known I'd want to buy some little thing."

"I did," was the calm reply.

Country School Clippings

[These compositions turned in to a teacher by children in a rural school have not been altered.]

MY TEACHER

We have a nice teacher. She aint so pretty like my sister but she is funny with jokes and storys and she parts her hair on side of her head. She stays by our house when is the bad weather and roads is too bad for to go by and she likes my mama how she cooks and all. She wears on her hair a littel wail so then in the wind her hair dont blow in her mouth but my sister has got a wail too only she wears on her face her wail but she is a awful nice teacher to mc. awful nice teacher to mc.

MY VIEW

From my window I see a tree another tree house silo two cows man bag feed horse and waggon barn another cow fence trees road coalshed. Nothing no more is outside my window. There is a tree by the barn I forgot him.



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Name

Name

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City _____

Note: If ring is ordered be sure to state size.

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Men have tried in many ways, from the days of Homer down to the era of tintypes and trombones, to find a justification for whiskers.

In ancient Rome, when the head of the house wore the family tablecloth as a street suit, poets thought whiskers made them look wise.

That supposition served one helpful purpose. It enabled people to avoid bearded bards who were determined to recite their poetry.

Later, when the coach-and-four indicated social prominence, men of fashion utilized their whiskers as ornamental shrubbery; but that could not continue.

Even the prettiest of the patch-work beards had to go as soon as shaving comfort was assured.

Compare the portraits of a man with whiskers and without, and you will see how little there was in the idea that hair upon the face imparted dignity or symbolized wisdom.



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